

Stranger Things Season Two by Queensoffiction

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Summary: It's been three months since Eleven's disappeared. Hopper still leaves Eggos everyday. Eleven wishes she was dead so the pain would stop. Mike refuses to forget the girl who did so much for him and Will owes his life to her. Hawkins Lab is back and running once more and now more than ever Eleven and Mike are in danger.

1. Chapter 1

Stranger Things, Season Two

Episode One: Eleven

Eleven had never known such pain as living in the Upside Down. Not when Papa forced experiments on her, not when she killed those men, not even the physically draining feeling of using her powers so much. The Upside Down was not just cold and foreboding, but utterly quiet other than the screams and sharp cries of the Demogorgon in hunger and agony. She stayed huddled in the Upside Down version of Will's basement; parasites infested the walls, slugs tried to crawl into her mouth as she slept, and the feeling of cold was constant. The only thing that got her through to not going utterly insane and succumbing to the poison toxic that was air in the Upside Down was the thought of one person. Mike.

A misunderstood boy who unlike most of his age preferred spending time playing a game with his friends to tossing a football. Eleven knew boys like Troy saw Mike as fresh, easy meat; someone they could easily beat up or make fun of without any repercussions. Eleven had shown him what it means to hurt her friend; the broken arm was proof enough of her power and her fierce loyalty. Mike had been her best friend and the person who'd shown her a life outside the lab. "*Mike,*" Eleven thought, struggling to keep her eyes open. How long had Eleven been here? Days, weeks, months? There was only night and only darkness in the Upside Down and it had a harsh grip on Eleven. "*Mike.*"

Before she'd escaped the lab and let the Demogorgon go the only life Eleven knew was the lab. She'd never gone outside (once though Papa had let her watch a video of a foreign place called 'Russia' full of people called communists), she'd never played a game, and hell, she'd never interacted with anyone her own age. One of the sickly smiling men in white coats once told her Experiment 01—010 all had gruesome deaths and it'd been especially "funny" watching 09 go insane and hang herself with a bed sheet.

Papa had been her only form of affection. He never said "I love you"

but he said things like "Good job" and "You can do this." A few times when she especially pleased him he bought her a small gift like her little toy lion to sleep with. But Mike wasn't like that. Mike was better. Mike didn't see her as an experiment but his friend. They told each other everything and he wanted her to be happy. He stood up for her, even if she was a "weirdo freak."

"Mike," Her teeth chattered. It was all she could say lately. Nothing was more important than Mike. How could Will survive staying here? Poisonous spores owned the air and the ground was invaded by slugs that especially enjoyed sucking out her blood and energy or trying to infest her body. "Mike."

Eleven'd only ran into the Demogorgon twice and each time it drained her severely. It hunted her, looking for food now that Eleven had severed it's only contact with the outside world. Each time she'd used her powers to harm it somehow but she knew if she tried to use her power to snap it's neck she'd have no clue if she would wake up again.

She was going to die. Eleven had accepted her fate. She fought as hard as she could for now to stay alive but Eggos couldn't keep her alive forever and the more she breathed the air, the more she felt herself slipping. At least she would die huddled in the spot where she used to be with Mike, Dustin, and Lucas. *Friends*. She missed them. But at least, at least Will was okay and Joyce had her son back.

Sometimes Eleven heard Mike's voice. It was brief, bad connection where she could hear small snippets of everyday conversation he had. Sometimes a small laughter, sometimes a pretend monster noise from their campaign, and sometimes she heard him sighing "Eleven." He missed her as much as she missed him.

Eleven huddled herself against the wall. It was getting colder here. The darkness was usually thicker and the outside snows got higher and higher. The source of warmth, a moldy small blanket, was thin and hardly anything. But it was all she had.

"Mike," She whispered. "Mike." Her stomach was growling. She tried to savor her Eggo's as best as she could since going out grew colder and more terrifying. It was getting angrier, hungrier. Once it had

entered Mike's house but thank whatever there was that it didn't go into the basement. Eleven spent the whole ordeal, trying to regulate her breathing thinking desperately of her friend.

But she needed food now. She hadn't heard him, whether good or bad sign, Eleven wasn't sure. But it had been two days since she went out and she would practically eat anything at this point. *"Mike would want me to try and live,"* Eleven thought. She stood up with a trembling step (she was getting thinner and thinner nowadays. The pink dress was an oversized sack on her now and her legs twig thin.) and as slow as possible, stepped up the creaking steps. She missed the warmth of Mike's real home and the feeling of the sun on her face and how close she'd been to Mike.

After trudging up the steps and snaking around the kitchen, she opened the front door with a shaking hand. Her lungs felt so weak. So damn weak.

Her body shook with each step and it seemed her bones were as strong as twigs, too. She wondered how many days until her ribs started jutting out, too. Soon enough she supposed. No matter how hard she tried to fight to live there was such a strong part of her that wanted the Demogorgon to come and gobble her up. To feast on her and there'd be no more pain. No more hunger, no more cold, no more sickness, no more pain, no more Upside Down. Eleven knew she shouldn't think like that, but still, the thought of death made her almost smile. Smile, something Eleven hadn't done since she'd been with Mike, Lucas, and Dustin.

Her knee had developed a habit of almost giving out when she walked. Mysteriously pain would just shoot through her leg and send her gasping in pain. A side effect of the toxic air — everything good being devoured and sucked away.

Eleven all but crawled when she got into the part of the forest where her Eggos were. She ripped the box open and started feasting. Rationing it was the smart solution, but right now her stomach was screaming for more. She crouched down and started eating like a beast. She was the monster. She is the monster.

Eleven was half happily half insanelly feasting on the frozen waffles

when she heard a loud echo across the woods. Perhaps she was going insane, she thought at first, but maybe she wasn't. Maybe it was who she'd been looking for for so long.

"ELEVEN!" He was screaming her name now. It practically bounced across the trees. Eleven ignored the snarling behind her. Mike. Mike. Her Mike was here. Her *friend*.

"MIKE!" She screamed back. Eleven felt stronger than she had since she'd gotten there. "*MIKE! MIKE! I'M HERE!*"

"ELEVEN!" Maybe he couldn't hear her. But it didn't matter. Eleven would do anything to see him one last time even if it killed her. Her Mike. Her friend.

Her scrawny thin legs ran as quick as she could. Trees and bushes were blurs to her. She fell over more things than she could count and the branches were scraping her legs severely. Multiple trains of blood were flowing down. She ignored the stinging, sharp pain. Mike, all that mattered was seeing him again.

"ELEVEN!" She was smiling again. Laughing even. Then, she heard the snarl behind her and a sharp roar. The Demogorgon opened its mouth and let out a sickening screech. No. There was no way Eleven would let this thing kill her before she saw her Mike. It lunged at her.

"Mike," She whispered his name once more for strength before she used the small strength she had and stopped the monster mid air. It was screeching and clawing, trying to escape. "Mike." Blood was seeping down its chest. It was giving off a strangled cry as gallons of blood flowed freely out of its mouth. "*Mike.*" With a sickening crack, he stopped struggling and Eleven continued running.

"ELEVEN!" She jumped through a narrow space between trees. "ELEVEN!" She stomped on a nest of slugs. "ELEVEN!" She went free falling down a hill but she got up again. Blood was flowing down her face but it didn't matter. Adrenaline was pumping through her veins. "*Mike! Mike I'm coming!*" "ELEVEN!" She stopped herself and calmed her breath. Mike wasn't here. She had to get to his world. "*I'm coming, Mike. Your friend is coming.*"

Eleven had never felt such pain before. Her muscles were screaming in agony, her bones felt like they were cracking open, her mouth was in a silent 'o'. No scream could unleash the amount of pain she felt. Her mind didn't want to concentrate. She wanted to curl in a ball and cry to end the pain. *"I have to keep going,"* She thought with tears flowing down her face. *"For Mike."* Blood was flowing like a waterfall from her nose, down her arms, and now she felt some seeping out her ears. Eleven felt herself with utter pain falling to the ground and when she opened her eyes, she looked up at a full moon.

"Eleven," Someone was shaking her. *"Mike?!"* She wanted to shout. "Eleven please be awake."

"Mike?" Her voice felt like sandpaper. It hurt so, so bad, but it would be worth it. She would be with Mike.

When she opened her eyes she went completely slack and all color left her face. "Hello, Eleven," It was Papa's voice. Eleven's heart was pounding. He smiled down at her. The voice recording of Mike was still playing from a man's machine. *"Eleven, Eleven, Eleven,"* It practically donged like a church bell. *"No! No! No! Mike!"*

Papa had three thick scars running down his cheek from where the Demogorgon had gotten him. Surrounding him was thirty armed soldiers and then the feeling of a rag being pressed on her face. Someone's arms were around her, restraining her. She felt so sleepy. She tried to fight but the wet rag was taking everything from her. *"MIKE!"* She wanted to scream.

"Welcome home, my sweet," He gave her a smile and the scientist pressed it rougher. Right before she faded into nothingness she heard Papa's voice once more. "This time you won't be leaving."

2. Chapter Two: Episode OnePart Two

Stranger Things, Season Two

Episode One: Madmax

Hawkins Laboratory had always had an eery feeling about it. The secrets well guarded and snipers kept on the roof to keep everyone out, especially after the escape of two of their experiments. No one truly know what the laboratory was for. Weapons they said, but what weapon involved a twelve year old androgynous-looking child being forced to exploit her gifts? And what weapon required the death of many innocent people?

Eleven opened her eyes to the sickly familiar white of the ceiling. The crack was still there from the time she was angered her father had thrown her back in her "bedroom." The picture of her and Papa she made when she was four still taped to the wall. Even in the corner a thick book on the human mind still unfinished from when Eleven left.

She swallowed. Her throat still felt scratchy. "Eleven," She tested out her voice and immediately started coughing. Having fresh air was nice to Eleven, but foreign, and her throat still felt as miserable as it had in the Upside Down.

"Ms., water?" A timid voice pulled Eleven out of her thoughts. A skinny girl with sickly pale skin and dark, purple bags under her eyes and had a distinctive twitching. "Th-th-thirsty?"

"*Young scientist?*" Eleven thought, amazed and curious. "*Gifted girl?*" "Wh-what is your name?" She twitched again and looked down at her feet.

She looked more nervous. Perhaps she didn't even know it, whoever she was. "Please Ms. — you don't have to talk to me — I'm here to serve you," She quickly stuttered. "M-M-Mr. Br-Brunner s-said you're to stay h-h-here t-til he needs you. D-Drink? F-Food? I br-brought water."

"Thank you," Eleven whispered. She drank it down, glad at her

quenched throat. "Please, what is your name?"

"If M-Ms. wants me to, m-my name is D-Daera," She looked up and played with her fingers, nervously. "I was bo-born and raised here. I now live to serve you Ms."

"Why are you from here?" Eleven asked. As far as she'd known she'd been the only child in the laboratory. She'd spent her life with scientists and doctors and mathematicians.

She shook wildly and showed her the 009 on her arm. "I tried to run," She shook. "I-I-I was foolish." She looks down. "I am powerless. I am *nothing*. Don't try and run. Please," Her eyes were pleading. "Others tried....I don't want to see you die, too."

"They could be listening," Eleven thought. "I won't leave. Papa needs me."

"Yes," The girl nodded. "You will be good here. Are you well rested?" Eleven nodded.

"Good," Daera said, shaking again. "Papa wants you."

Eleven visibly paled. "Papa? Wha-wha-what does he want?"

Daera looked down again. Her hair covered most her face, but Eleven could see her eyes had pity. "I'm sorry, Eleven. He wants you to kill Mike."

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Okay so first A/N: Each episode will be split into three chapters. The chapters will all be named after after each episode of season two. Daera is an OC character and let me repeat, the only other lab experiment to survive and they only kept her in case she ever showed abilities. That's it for now! ~